

## Are you sure

that you're using the right thing for washing? If the work is slow and hard, and you have to depend upon rubbing, then you ought to get something else. And even if you have something that saves work, it may be bad for the clothes. You may be ruining them.

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Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—send it back.



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## HIS WHOLE SYSTEM.

He Had Never Been Photographed, but Got What He Wanted.

He evidently was from the rural districts, and therefore his uneasiness upon what presumably was his first visit to a photographer could easily be overlooked. At last, when he was summoned to the operating room and caught a whiff of chemicals from the dark room, he hesitated on the threshold half suspiciously.

"Come in, come right in," said the camera man reassuringly. "Do you want a vignette?"

"N-no, I guess not," replied the old man. "I guess I can stand it without taking anything."

"Would you like a photograph of your head only, or would you prefer one-half length or full length?" inquired the photographer.

"Well, now, I'll tell you how it is, mister," remarked the old granger confidentially. "This picture is for a wider in Nebraska who's been writin to me considerable about gettin spiced. I reckon she'd rather have a picture of my whole system if it don't make any difference to you."

It didn't.—Chicago Times-Herald.

## A Dissatisfied Constituent.

A Democratic member of the house has received a letter from an active politician of that party in his district calling attention to the fact that he is reported in The Congressional Record almost every day as being "paired" with a Republican. "I don't doubt your loyalty to the party," reads the letter, "but I think the boys would like it a deal better if you paired with a Democrat instead of Republicans."—Chicago Record.

## A Parliamentary Hint.

It was getting late, and still the venerable ex-United States senator lingered in the parlor with the young people. Evidently something had to be done. "I hope, papa," said his daughter, gently but resolutely, "that you will not be offended if I now move a call of the house, during which all persons not entitled to the floor will please retire, while Charlie and I discuss a question of personal privilege."—Truth.

## PRESIDENTIAL FADS.

Our National Executives Have All Had Their Hobbies.

Every president since the time of Washington has had some particular pet amusement.

As every one knows, George Washington was a great sportsman. His greatest pleasure was in following the hounds, mounted on a tiptop hunter. He was an athlete in his youth and his love of outdoor life continued to the day of his death. When he was president, his chief diversion was horseback riding. He was fond of dancing, too, and regularly attended the assemblies in the long room in the City Tavern at Alexandria, says the Washington Post.

Thomas Jefferson sought relief from the cares of state in his love for music. He was a clever performer on the violin and whiled away many hours saving away on his beloved fiddle. He had a taste for mechanical inventions, too, and some of his happiest moments were those spent in trying to evolve some labor saving device.

President Tyler had a deep and abiding love for the good American game of poker. Surrounded by a few chums, he spent many pleasant evenings drawing to bobtail flushes, filling against four aces and hoisting the full houses, bluffing on deuces, bucking ante. The stakes were invariably small, but history says that he was a bad loser.

Andrew Jackson was passionately fond of cockfighting, and when he left the Hermitage to run the nation at Washington he brought with him two of his finest fighting cocks. These he matched against the gamest roosters in the surrounding country, but the Tennessee article made but a feeble showing against the Virginia breed. President Jackson brought on several other pairs, but his birds invariably met defeat, and in this respect he said that his administration was a lamentable failure.

President W. H. Harrison was not much of an epicure, but he had a great fancy for doing the marketing for the family. Every morning he would trudge to the market place with a basket on his arm and return an hour later carrying 40 or 50 pounds of produce.

General Grant was fond of fast driving, and he had some notable trotters in his stables during his two terms. In the evening he would play Boston with some of his army chums. He cared little for riding and was rarely seen on horseback in Washington.—Atlanta Constitution.

## LATEST IN MONEYSWEATING

How a \$20 Goldpiece Was Doctored by the Unscrupulous.

One of the most puzzled men in town is a Montgomery street restaurant keeper, who recently took in a \$20 goldpiece which filled all the ordinary requirements of genuineness so far as the superficial test could reveal the true facts. But a few days ago a banker stepped into his place and saw the \$20 piece which the restaurant man had received only a short time before. The banker had a queer look in his eyes as he took the coin and rapped it sharply with his knife, and the restaurant keeper had a stranger expression as he saw his supposed \$20 piece break into two pieces.

"How is this?" he demanded. The banker answered: "It is the same old game. I had one of those pieces myself, and since then I have tested goldpieces of the \$20 denomination very carefully. If that had been genuine, my test would not have broken it."

Then the restaurant keeper and the banker carefully examined it together. The outside of the goldpiece was all right, seemingly, when the disassembled parts were placed together. The milling seemed to be up to the standard. The weight was correct, but the inside of the piece was half filled with a composition which was not the customary gold and alloy. Still closer examination revealed that the gold had been sawed through with exquisite care and skill just inside of the milling. Then the milling had been removed and from the interior of the piece some of the gold had been extracted and the baser composition was made to take the place of the more precious metal. Then, with equal deftness and skill, the milling had been replaced and soldered in some way and the trick was done.—San Francisco Call.

## A Contrary Flag.

If ever there was anything in the world that went by contraries, it is the Chinese flag. It will be recalled that it is one of the gayest of national standards. The body of the banner is of a pale yellow. In the upper left hand corner is a small red sun, and looking at it is a fierce Chinese dragon. About 1,000 years ago, so the story runs, the Chinese made war upon the Japanese. They prepared for a great invasion. As a prophecy of victory they adopted a standard which is that of the present time. They took the sun of Japan and made it very small. This they put in front of the dragon's mouth to express the idea that the Chinese dragon would devour the Japanese. It happened, however, that the Chinese fleet, conveying an army of 100,000 men, was wrecked on its way to Japan by a great storm, and all but three of the 100,000 perished. The result of the last war has not been any more convincing than the first affair that the Chinese flag has been correctly conceived.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

## Just a Little Spat.

She—A woman marries a man to keep him indoors.  
He—And a man marries a woman to keep her in hats.—Yonkers Statesman.

**Why Don't You Take Brown's Iron Bitters?**

## WHAT IT LOOKED LIKE.

Bud, the Young Arkansawyer, and His First Railroad Train.

"Uv co'se," remarked the ancient Arkansawyer in a reminiscent way, "we uns has got used to it now an don't take no speshul notice uv the cars goin by our house no mo', but I ricklect the first time they come past after the railroad was built. Wife was away some-whurs. I had the ague an was settin by the fireplace shakin like a dog, an my oldest son, Bud, was foolin with the young uns. All uv a sudden we heered the had blamdest screechin an snortin that ever was, an Bud run out to see what in the livin world had broke loose.

"By the time I had unlumbered an drug myself out it was all done past, an thar was nuthin in sight but a mess uv black smoke. Bud was standin thar with his mouth gappin open an his eyes buggin out till yo' could have flied 'em off from his face with a goose wing. "Land uv the livin, pap," he gobbled. "I jest seen a blacksmith shop go tearin by with a string uv houses tied to its tail!"—New York Sunday Journal.

## Bright Hopes Blasted.

"I had hoped"—  
Here the old prizefighter's voice trembled.

"that my only son"—  
A tear stole down his furrowed cheek.  
"would follow in my footsteps"—  
With an effort he proceeded.  
"and, like me"—  
Great, dry sobs tore his throat.  
"become champion of the world, but"—

A wail of anguish burst from him.  
"—he stutters!"—New York Journal.

## The Noomoney Way.

"My daughters are making very satisfactory progress with their music," remarked Mrs. Snuggs to Mrs. Noomoney. "They play four handed pieces on a single piano."

"Indeed!" replied Mrs. Noomoney proudly. "My daughters don't need to play on one piano. Each of them has a piano of her own."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

## Staked on a Certainty.

Jacob—How did you make your fortune?

Isaac—On horse racing.  
Jacob—What! I never knew you betted.

Isaac—I didn't. I started a pawnshop just opposite the entrance to the racetrack for the accommodation of people who wanted to get home when the races were over.—Tit-Bits.

## Sure to Be Ruined.

"Do you know it is a mighty good thing for the human race that it is so short lived?"

"I'd like to know how?"  
"Just think how utterly spoiled a boy would be for instance, who had all his great-grandmothers, great-grandmothers and grandmothers to take an interest in his career."—Indianapolis Journal.

## Pa's Trouble.

"Brother Jim has the bicycle face, Joe has the bicycle back, and sister Sue has the bicycle leg."

"Any other bicycle ailments in your family?"

"Well, papa says he has the bicycle pocketbook, and it's badly punctured."—Truth.

## She Knew the Family.

"Oh, mamma," said little Marjorie, "what are those big flags?"

"Those are bunting, dear," said her mother.

"Zen I dess," observed Marjorie wisely "at all 'e little ones is baby bunting."—New York Press.

## Modern Greek.

"What's that terrible noise out in the front there?" asked the startled English volunteer of the Greek officer.

"Nothing, sir," he replied, "only one of our evzones giving the counter-sign."—Yonkers Statesman.

## In Boston.

Fair Customer—Is this western beef? Butcher (proudly)—No, madam. We don't deal in steers from the rowdy west. This beef, madam, is from a highly cultivated and refined cow, formerly of Boston.—New York Weekly.

## A Roundabout Deception.

"Mrs. Sprightly must be older than she looks."

"What makes you think so?"

"The way she keeps that big daughter of hers in short frocks."—Detroit News.

## Not Worth It.

Prisoner—Forty shillings for stealing a pair of shoes?

Magistrate—That's what I said.

Prisoner—Why, your worship, they didn't fit.—Tit-Bits.

## No Objection.

Aeronaut—Does your father object to the nature of my profession?

Sweet Thing—No, indeed. He said he would like to see you get off the earth.—New York Journal.

## CHURCH BELLS.

Often upon some Alpine height  
Where cooler breezes blow  
I've listened with a keen delight  
To chiming bells below.  
Their music rose so sweet, so clear,  
Its memory with me dwells  
And rushes o'er me when I hear  
The Sunday morning bells.

Or from cathedral spire of stone,  
High soaring in the air,  
The great bells' sobbing, throbbing tone  
Has moved my soul to pray.  
The grandeur of that lofty choir  
I hear from tower and dome,  
Afair or near, whenever I hear  
The Sabbath bells at home.

Such pious memories, indeed,  
Their molten notes recall,  
I find I really do not need  
To go to church at all.

They drive away and keep at bay  
All humor and the vapors,  
And so I listen as I stay  
In bed and read the papers.

—J. L. Heaton in Quilting Bee.

## THE REPORTER'S STORY.

How Editor McCullagh Used His Lengthy Write Up of a Murder.

When I applied to Joseph B. McCullagh for a position as reporter on The Globe-Democrat, in 1885, I had been posted about his detestation of dudes and wore an old suit—clean, but almost threadbare. I had letters of recommendation from Colonel Burke of The Times-Democrat and from Colonel Doremus of the Dallas News, which I held in my hand, ready for his inspection. I made my speech, rather disconcerted by the cool, calculating manner in which he inspected me while doing so, and then handed him my "credentials." He glanced at the signatures, without reading the contents of either of the letters, picked up a slip of instructions and told me to report the murder of Joe Robedeaux, a Frenchman who had been murdered a few minutes before in the French quarter, and then carefully placed my beloved "papers" in his pocket, without a word of explanation.

Three hours later I handed him a very carefully written report of the murder, giving all of the details, which would have filled two columns, preceded by my own "scare heads" in six sections, giving all of the principal facts in short sentences. Next morning I found that my report had been "killed" at the "enacting clause," for the report appeared in an article about two inches long under a small head, "Foully Murdered," with all the rest of my "scare heads" printed, word for word, exactly as I had written them, as the body of the item. Not a word of the report appeared.

It was a beautiful Christmas morning, but I will never forget my feelings as I read that little item. I felt utterly crushed, and if I had had my letters Mr. McCullagh would never have seen me again. I wandered around the hotel corridors until time to report, when I presented myself before "Little Mack" and asked for the return of the letters. To my unspeakable surprise and intense delight he gave me an immediate assignment for special work, handed me a huge bundle wrapped in wrapping paper, and while holding this package, the contents of which were unknown to me, he proceeded to give me instructions and detail all of my failings in blunt but very lucid sentences, winding up like the crack of a whip with, "Put those clothes on and report for duty in one hour." My head was actually swimming when I left the room.

The package contained a complete outfit, including shoes, shirt, underwear, collar, tie and one of the best fitting suits I ever wore, the total cost of which could not have been much less than \$50.

I never saw my letters again, but when I left, two years later, he wrote me the best recommendation I ever received and was always ready to say a good word by wire if it was requested.—Old Reporter in Chicago Record.

## Why the Irishman Quit.

There was once an Irishman who sought employment as a diver, bringing with him his native enthusiasm and a certain amount of experience. Although he had never been beneath the water he had crossed an ocean of one variety and swallowed nearly an ocean of another. But he had the Hibernian smile, which is convincing, and the firm chance to need a new man. And on the following Monday morning Pat hid his smile in a diving helmet.

Now, the job upon which the crew to which Pat had attached himself was working was in comparatively shallow water, and Pat was provided with a pick and told to use it on a ledge below in the manner with which he was familiar.

Down he went with his pick, and for about 15 minutes nothing was heard from him. Then came a strong, determined, deliberate pull on the signal rope, indicating that Pat had a very decided wish to come to the top. The assistants pulled him to the raft and removed his helmet.

"Take off the rist av it," said Pat.  
"Take off the rest of it?"  
"Yis," said Pat. "O'ill worrie no longer on a down job phere Oi can spit on me hands."—Boston Budget.

## The Juvenile Witness.

The late Mr. Isaac Butt, Q. C., M. P., was fond of relating two answers which he himself heard given to the late Chief Justice Lefroy, lord chief justice of Ireland, by children. In the first instance a little boy, whose testimony was of importance in a case of riot between Protestants and Catholics, was asked what would happen to him if he did not tell the truth. "When I die, sir," was the reply, "I should go where the Catholics go." On a similar question being put to an intelligent little girl, she replied, after a pause, "I suppose I should not get my expenses."—Westminster Gazette.

It is not widely known that Queen Victoria rules over more Mohammedans than the sultan of Turkey, over more Jews than there are in Palestine and over more negroes than any other sovereign who is not a native of their country.

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## YOUNG, BUT BRAINY.

The Remarks and Opinions of the Small Boy Next Door.

I wisht ma wouldn't kiss me every time when she wants to see if I've been smoking on the sly.

Sunday school wouldn't be so bad if you didn't have to go. I can lick every kid in my class 'cept one, and he don't come reg'lar.

I don't know why when I run away from school last week and fell in the river, and ma thought I was going to be drowned and cried, then when I wasn't she went and licked me harder'n anything. I wisht I had drowned.

Ain't it queer how it most always rains on Saturdays?

If a feller's mother didn't tell him he mustn't do so many things he wouldn't want to.

I don't like to fight with girls. They scratch, and anyway when you do lick 'em they always make you feel so bad about it afterward. They hain't got any sand—'cept one, she didn't scratch and she walloped me good. Gee, but she's a dandy!

I was good for a week once, and ma she thought I was sick and gave me a dose of castor oil. And then I was sick, and I wa'n't good no more.—William Edgar Fisher in Truth.

## In the Good Old Days.

It was the year 19000057 B. C. The editorial office of The Paleozoic Daily Gazette. A reporter rushed in breathless.

"Extra, extra!" he shouted. "I have just got a scoop! Thrilling incidents!"

The city editor sprang up.

"What is it?" he cried.

"A battle! The town has been invaded! It's the ichthyosaurs, the elanosaurus, the zenglodons, the orophippuses and the brontosheriums. Terrible loss of life!"

"What for? What's the matter?"

"They're hunting for the man who named them."—New York Journal.

## Love on the Wheel.

"How did you find out that Charley loved you, Clara?"

"I took a tumble when we were out bicycle riding."—Detroit Free Press.

## How She Captured Him.

Laura—I never had a beau till I got me a wheel.

Carrie—Run him down?—Town Topics.

## Oh, the Fity of It!



Sadie—Ain't he a bute?  
Elsie—You bet! What a shame he wuzen't twins; then there'd 'a bin an husband apiece for us.—Truth.

## As Usual.

"Did you hear Senator Gasser yesterday? He made a fine speech against it."

"Against what?"

"Time."—Cleveland Leader.

## Brave.

He—I called him a liar to his face.

She—What gave you the courage?

He—The telephone.—Brooklyn Life.

## Famous Kickers.

A writer who knows what he is talking about says in an exchange:

Most of us are familiar with the way in which a horse or mule kicks, but few of us know how a camel expresses his anger. The camel doesn't seem to be out of temper. He lazily chews his cud, with his eyes half closed, and those not familiar with his ways might fancy that he is half asleep. But directly he draws a hind leg up under him, and then, as soon as the object of his wrath is in range, he sends his hoof straight back like a shot. I have seen a heavy man sent whirling several yards in a dense crowd by the kick of a camel.

An emu can kick as hard as a horse. I have seen men kicked so hard by this vicious bird that their legs were broken. If I had my choice of being kicked by a horse or an emu, I think I would take the horse. The emu stands on one leg and with the other strikes a quick and most paralyzing blow. I never would have believed that a bird had such power had I not had ocular evidence of it during this trip. After two or three of our men had suffered from the terrible kicks of these birds we did not venture near them, but, after running our horses till we got close enough, would bring them down with our rifles. We did not approach them till we knew they were dead.

We killed them for their feathers, although they are not so valuable as those of the ostrich. We also hunted for the eggs, which are to be found in the sand, but in doing this we took care not to collide with the emu. The eggs are more in demand than the feathers. They are very beautiful and are so tough that it is difficult to break them. Professional curio makers drill a hole in each end, take the inside out and then the shell is carved and mounted in silver.

## The Drama, Past and Present.

Lamentation over the inferiority of the present to the past has been going on probably ever since there was a past sufficiently remote to be halloed by distance, and critics of a certain class have always failed to realize that what they really regret is youth, not the conditions under which youth was passed. The deterioration of the stage has been for ages the constant topic of comment, which, considering the steady improvement in plays as plays, is as ludicrously unvarying as it is willfully inaccurate. The Pall Mall Gazette has dug out one of its first numbers a criticism, written in 1865 by George Henry Lewes, and it calls attention to the curious likeness which his words present to what one not infrequently hears today.

"The present condition of the drama," wrote Mr. Lewes in the time which has come to be called "the good old days," "is deplored by all lovers of the art." And he went on in an amusingly familiar strain to say: "It is the more irritating because never were theaters so flourishing. A variety of concurrent causes, which need not here be enumerated, has reduced the stage to its present pitiable condition. We have many theaters nightly crowded by an eager but uncritical public and no one theater in which a critical public can hope to enjoy a tolerable performance. Yet there is a smaller public choice in its tastes and large enough to support a theater, which would eagerly welcome a fine actor or a well written drama. Surely it is to laugh."—New York Times.

## A Wheelwoman's Last Thought.

Ella—Have you heard poor Bella's last words?

Stella—No, what were they?

Ella—"Take good care of my wheel."—New York Journal.

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